

1325



Dignissi, perdemus.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

A new Ballad on the Union.

AIR, "THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED."

I.

THE week before Camden hopt off,
The Junto attended his Levee,
And swore his recall was enough
To ruin the hopes of the Bevy ;
For, just as He kicked up the Row,
And made a fine *bazar* through the Nation,
To think of deserting them now,
Must give all his friends fore vexation.
Tol lol—de rol lol—de rol lol.

II.

Says Jeff'ries, " Why, what can I do
" With those hell-born lads of the *Lemon*?
" They were once friends to Orange and Blue,
" But now they're possess'd by some dæmon.
" I scourged their broad backs to the bone,
" Thought strangling and flogging would cool 'em;
" But twenty times better they're grown—
" So you must seek some other to rule 'em.

Tol lol, &c.

III.

" Besides, *Tommy Petibant* is off,
" Quite sick of the job he had taken ;
" The work he thought damnably tough—
" So he travelled, and saved his own bacon.
" A climate too hot for poor Tom,
" Can't be wholesome for my constitution ;
" I think it's high time to be gone—
" Farewell, boys !—that's my resolution."

Tol lol, &c.

IV.

" My lord," said the *quad*, one and all,
" If the sanction we lose of your *nomen*,
" We fear it will cost us a fall,
" And cut out tight work for our Yeomen.
" For strangling and flogging the *Crops*,
" We see was a bad speculation ;
" They're rising all round, thick as hops,
" Upon us to wreak retaliation."

Tol lol, &c.

V.

But Jeffries was deaf to their suit,
And swore, " 'twas in vain him to bother ;"
So he left the wild Irish to shoot,
To strangle, or flog one another.
The French to invade us had swore,
And vast preparations got ready ;
But had they in time reached our shore,
The game was all up with poor Paddy.

Tol lol, &c.

VI

We fell to work, " hammer and tongs,"
The *Orange* and *Green* both together ;
With sabres, with guns, pikes and prongs,
Each party the other did leather ;
With slaughter we strewed the green plains,
Our cannons the welkin made rattle,
And piously knocked out the brains
Of men, women, children and cattle.

Tol lol, &c.

VII.

Exhausted with conflict and strife,—
With vengeance and rage to each other !!!
The Orangeman ravished *Crop's* Wife,
And *Crop*, in revenge, killed his Mother !!!
The Demons of Discord, their brands
High flourished throughout the whole nation,
And madmen, with parricide hands,
Spread ruin and wide desolation.

Tol lol, &c.

VIII.

To settle this damnable Row,
The gallant old *Corney* came over—
The works of the loom and the plough
And the national peace to recover:
The standard of *mercy* he reared,
Put an end to the system of terror ;
Tyrannic Oppression was scared,
And *Croppy* repented his error.

Tol lol, &c.

IX.

Humbert, and his *sans culotte* crew,
Just landed in time to be taken ;
Of his allies, an ill-fated few,
Got " *what the cat left of the bacon*. "
But just when the strife was all o'er,
The *Orangeman's* pistol and halter,
Revived the fell system once more,
Which *Corney* came hither to alter.

Tol lol, &c.

X.

In Wexford and Wicklow, 'tis said,
That *Orange* for *Croppies* went *gruffing* ;
A cold-blooded slaughter he made,
Though he sometimes came in for a dousing.
The poor simple peasant was banged
Out of loyalty into sedition ;
For, when catched, he was *pistol'd* or *hang'd*,
On the *verdict* of—*JUSTICE SUSPICION*.

Tol lol, &c.

XI.

If found at his plough or his spade,
Or his Anvil, with leathern bib on,
Patt died by a *bullet* or *blade* ;
" For the rascal had no *Orange* ribbon ;
" And he wore a *frize coat* and *big brogues*—
" Of rebels, the sure designation ;
" 'Tis *loyal*, such *craw-thumping* rogues
" To shoot, or hunt out of the nation."

Tol lol, &c.

XII.

Thus seeing, by rancour and strife,
The *Paddies* completely divided ;
The favourite scheme of his life,
Johnny Bull, to adopt, now decided.
" *A Union*," says John, " is the shears
" For clipping the wings of all classes ;
" So I'll take from them Commons and Peers,
" And load them with panniers, like *affes*."

Tol lol, &c.

XIII.

Thus quarrelled a Lion and Bear,
As *Ezop* relates in his fable,
And about the *slink* Fawn of a Deer,
They fought long as either was able.
When covered with blood up to th' eyes,
A Fox, who long viewed them with terror,
Sly, sneering, milled off with the prize,
Leaving *both* to repent of their error.

Tol lol, &c.

XIV.

Now, our gracious good Monarch God save,
And also, our *FREE CONSTITUTION* ;
And *backles* and *chains* to the *slave*,
Who consents to its least diminution.

Great Britain, we love and respect,
And value her friendly connection ;
But, while he has means to reject,
Patt never will crouch to subjection.

Tol lol, &c.

* *The Gad.*